

2129
AGATHOCLES

THE

Sicilian

USURPER.

A
POEM.

————— Mutato Nomine, de Te
Fabula narratur. —————



L O N D O N

Printed for John Crossley Bookseller in OXFORD

THE JOURNAL OF

THE

RECORDS OF

THE

RECORDS OF

THE

THE

THE

The Preface.

IF a Poem have a Genius (*says the Incomparable Author, in the Preface of Absalom and Achitophel*) it forces it's own Reception in the World. *The Maxime however generally true in the Theory, yet we find but very few Instances wherein it holds, in Practice. And the Reason may be this; That Genius he intends there, that Irresistible Charming Genius is scarce any where to be met with, but in his own Absalom, and some other of His Works. The Event in that was suitable to his Præfages, because they were founded on an Unerring Impartial Judgment; but He that writes after him with the same Expectations, I am afraid, the Partiality, and Weakness of his Judgment will too soon appear in the Event. 'Tis not therefore with any such vain Thoughts that the following Poem ventures into the World; The Honesty it carries in the Design is all it has to plead for it self, and in that particular, (if I may say it without Offence) it is very loth to yield even to the Best Poem that ever was writ.*

Therefore without endeavouring at farther Apologies, I shall only trouble the Reader with a short Account of the Poem. If any desire a particular Relation of the Life of the Sicilian Tyrant, I would refer them to Dr. Perrinchief's his History of Agathocles. But for the Person Characteriz'd under my Usurper, it is sufficient for my purpose, if he contradict not the Sicilian Story, tho, it may be the Parallel is not exactly drawn. I suppose there will need no Key to decipher him, since those Men, who have so near outliv'd the Act for Renouncing the Solemn League and Covenant cannot but remember Whom their Rebellious Practises, at last, advanced to the enslaving the Good People of England. I must confess their renewing lately the Old Methods would make one believe they had forgot how miserably they labour'd under the sad Consequences of such Measures. Examples are commonly said to leave deeper Impressions on the Minds of Men, than Præcepts; and those Examples have bin esteemed fittest for that purpose, which are drawn from Histories not too remote from the Persons to whom they are directed. If so; the ensuing Poem may promise it self some success, which affords an Ex-

ample so far from being too distant from, that, even yet the Characters of his Tyrannies are too frequently to be read among us.

To have made my Usurper die in his Bed had bin too notorious a Trespass upon the Sicilian History, which tells us that He was Poisoned by Mænon a Malecontent. And some have bin of the Opinion that our Late Agathocles made his last Exit the same way. What ground they might have for that Opinion is not my Bus'ness here to enquire; but for the former Reason, and to avoid a Solecism in Poetry, I have taken it for granted. And tho my Mænon might, possibly, not be the Man, who did this Nation that Good Office, yet He was One, who with the greatest probability might be presum'd to have don it, or procur'd it to be don.

Here the Poem might have concluded; but who could have declined the Honour of bringing the Excellent H I E R O to his Undoubted Right and Crown? For my part, I could almost as easily have forgiven the present Disturbers of his Peace, as my own Self, had I bin guilty of an Omission so near approaching to an Indirect kind of Treason. I am very sensible that I come Infinitely short of a just Representation of that Happy Time, but, I hope, it derogates not from the Pleasures of Heaven, that they are such as cannot be expressed by groveling Men; and it is some Excuse for us, that upon such Occasions our Words are too little for our Conceptions, as well as our Conceptions for those Transcendent Things.

AGATHOCLES

AGATHOCLES

THE

Sicilian Usurper.

A POEM.

UNhappy Man! whom curst without Redress,
It seems beyond the Power of Heaven to bless.
Not that, oppress'd with charge, it's forc'd to
spare;

Or that It looks on Man not worth the Care.
No, Its own Rights and Properties It gives,
But Man defeats his Great Prerogatives:
Of all things, to Himself, he only owes
The Ill he suffers, or the Good he does.
Curst in that fatal Liberty of Will,
Curst in free Choice, because still chusing Ill.

T'our Great first Parent Monarchy was given,
A Sacred Model from the State of Heaven,
Where One Blest King fills the Eternal Throne,
And with a Father's Love rules All, alone,
That Love, entailing Right on Birth, did place
Succession in the Line of such a Race,
For Government did carefully provide,
And all Defects in Mortal Power supply'd.
Thus, for a while, Mankind receiv'd its Lord,
In peace One King obey'd, One God ador'd.
Till that dark Principle, his Will, did blind
The nobler judging Faculty, his Mind.

B

Then

Then with blind Zeal to many Gods he bow'd,
 Then many Lords enslav'd th' Unthinking Crowd.
 Monsters, and Dogs usurp'd the Throne, and Sky,
 As fear would King, or Folly Deify.

Then flow'd all Ills, which naturally spring
 From debauch't notions of a God or King;
 For God, and King, essentially, are One,
 Many, in each, always implying None.

But now they rue the Plagues their folly brought,
 (A purchase just, by change, and rashness bought,)
 The Plagues of all the Modes of Government
 Ambition, or Confusion can invent.

In vain, for ease, they change each tottering frame,
 The Form may change, the Misery's the same,
 Still grasping at, but never finding Rest,
 Unfixt, and but half satisfy'd at best.

'Tis just we greet the Glorious Sun with praise,
 Who feel th' Influence of his kinder Rayes;
 To whose blest Heat, and noble Light we owe,
 The daily Comforts of the World below;
 But 'twere unfit we should abandon Light,
 And on each other prey, like Beasts, by night,
 Because some Earth-born Comets then appear,
 Amaze the Rout, and seem to Govern here.

Those dang'rous Objects dazle Vulgar eyes,
 Unable to impose upon the Wise,
 Who see Death's ghastly face thro the too thin Disguise.

They see the Plagues they scatter thro the Air,
 And find the seeds of some Impending War.

'Twere no less madness, for redress, to fly
 To the weak helps of *Ignes Fatui*,
 The lower Region's base Democracy.

Some signs of Men, some shapes of walking Clay,
 Insensible o'th' benefit of Day,
 May leave the way when those false Lights appear,

In

In hopes of Safety and Rescution near,
 But, left in danger by an expiring Light,
 Thro Fenns, and Bogs they wander all the night,
 Till Day's return their drooping Spirits cheers,
 Displays their Dangers, and dispells their Fears.
 And wretches, by such Vapours near undone,
 This glory add to the Returning Sun,
 His presence ends the mazes they have run.

Witness *Sicilia* to the truth I tell,
 (*Sicilia* taught, by sad experience, well!)
 Who all the yokes of Tyranny has worn,
 Wasted by Wars, by striving Factions torn,
 Tir'd out with fruitless Change, and forc'd, at last,
 To kneel to Injur'd Monarchy for rest.

Against the Coasts of fruitful *Italy*,
 The Pride, and Envy of the Mid-land Sea,
 The dearest pledge of *Nereus's* beauteous Store,
 The fair *Sicilia* spreads her lovely Shoar,
 A narrow *Isthmus*, (fame tells,) join'd the Bride
 Of old to her Rich *Latian* Husband's side,
 Torn off, and ravish since by amorous Force
 Too rough by slow advances to divorce.
 Now in soft watry folds it clasps the Place,
 With endless kisses, and a Dear embrace.
 For Capes, and form Trianglar known of old,
 But more for temperate Clime, and fruitful Mould.
 The healthful Air does Lifes short Span prolong,
 And the rich Soil makes it seem always Young.
 For Grain excelling neighbouring Parts so far,
 Their Bards then sang 'twas *Ceres's* only care.
 Much fatal Steel it's guilty entrails hold,
 Much Tinn, and some few Veines of treach'rous Gold.
 From *Spain*, at first, the old *Sicani* came,

From them the Island took it's ancient Name,
 These were a pleasant, Courteous, Valiant kind,
 To guests innately Sweet, but not Refin'd,
 With noble Anger could resent a wrong,
 But scorn'd to hoord Revenge, or Malice long,
 Tender of Right, yet did not Change, admire,
 Firm to their Prince, and to their Friend entire,
 Brave, but too weak to loyl the *Roman* Band,
 Whom fame of wealth had brought t'invade the Land.
 With ease the warlike *Siculi* o're came,
 Possess the Land, and once more chang'd the Name.
 Next these some Colonies of *Grecians* come,
 Whose o're stockt Hives afford no room at home.
 These new Intruders the *Sitani* drive
 T' a Western Cape, mong Hills and Woods to live.
 The Grecian Arts, and Genius they transplant,
 The only seeds the happy Land did want.
 But Learning quickly ran o're all the Ile,
 Suiting the temper of the fruitful Soil.
 Each age that flow'd did constantly improve,
 And Arts still found a more peculiar Love.
 With zeal they all the mighty work pursue,
 Cherish the Old, and propagate the New.
 Thus, by Degrees, they to that *Attine* came,
 Might justly challenge all the breath of Fame.
 Their Wit Eternal, as their Godlike mind,
 Without all Affectation most Refin'd,
 In real Knowledge passing all Mankind.

Lov'd Race! whom Heaven and Nature strove to bless,
 With th' utmost stretch of Human happiness;
 But fate, which bore Eternal spight to Man,
 Left out the fairest Link of all the Golden Chain.
 The noble Link of Constancy they need,
 Of firm Adherence to their lawful Head.
 That only Blessing added to their store,

The

The fates could grant, and they could wish no more,
 Yet Kings they had, (and might have still bin blest,)
 Fortune in War, and Wealth in Peace posselt;
 The warlike *Gelo*, and Good *Hiero's* Name
 Had left some lasting footsteps of their Fame.
 But still the Compound *Roman-Grecian* Race
 Retain'd the Humours of their former Place.
 The first Resentments that provoke their Cries
 Are Heavy Loans, and frequent Subsidies,
 Pursuing next with an Implicite Hate
 The Crowns best Friends, and Ministers of State.
 Hard fate of Statesmen, who forgo their Ease
 For Publique Safety, yet so seldom please!
 They rule Inferior Mankind for their Share,
 And ease the Gods of more then half the Care;
 While Crowds profanely quarrel with their Good,
 And Providence deny, because not understood.
 Led by a Traiterous Mungril Kind of *Flamen*,
 A wretched Medly betwixt Priest and Layman!
 Somewhat from each the Pulpit *Zany's* stole
 To dress their Pride and Lust in Ridicule.
 These Holy Men, pursuing Earthly Ends,
 Taught, None could be the Prince and People's Friends;
 That precious Liberty, and Wealthy Kings
 Were mere Repugnant, Inconsistent Things.
 And more to smoothe the Blasphemy's they said,
 The Gods were parties in their Treasons made.
 Blest, Never-failing, Specious Design,
 In common Interest Heaven and Earth to join!
 With these conspir'd the Throng of Libellers,
 Their Daily Bread was Jealousies, and Fears,
 And swelling with the ill-digested Load
 The pois'nous Vernim cast their Filth abroad.
 Secure themselves in no Estate and Name,
 They vallu'd no man's Person, or his Fame;

Till to that height their prosperous Guilt was grown
 They strove t' eclipse the Glories of the Crown.
 Conscious all hopes of Pardon were foregon,
 The harden'd Wretches sinn'd, and scribbled on.
 'Twere endless to repeat the loathsome Cries
 Of daily Letters, Pacquetts, Mercurys;
 Thro all the Land the catching Venom spread,
 As all, whom Mad Dogs bite, themselves run Mad;
 But ablest Huntsmen, as the easy'st Cure,
 Hang the Distract, the Kennel to secure.
 Nor must we here the Factionous Clubs forget,
 In Close Caball where Treason nightly met.
 Shameless She fate, and naked to each eye,
 And laid the Masque of Publique Interest by;
 No more that Name was heard among the Crowd,
 But base Revenge, and private Wrong were Lowd.
 A numerous huddled Concourse fill'd the place,
 Crackt Citizens, and Lawyers in Disgrace;
 Vext Courtiers, Officers without Command,
 Raw Esquires lately bubbled of their Land.
 Pleas'd with a Ruban, and a Patriot's Name,
 The *Boon Garson*, and Fopp of Bus'ness came.
 Honour, and Age alike Indifference met,
 And Noble Peers with Zealous Joiners fate.
 Yet 'twas but fit; all were Mechaniques there,
 And Publick Good was measur'd by their Square.
 There 'twas resolv'd, when next the Senate fate,
 What Subject was the ripest for Debate;
 What Greivances 'twas proper to present;
 What Limb to lopp next off the Government.
 And still the more th' Indulgent Scepter gave
 These Men found greater Reason more to crave.
 Till, by excess of Goodness quite undon,
 They levell'd with the Ground the Weaken'd Throne.
 Uncertain Grandeur, which must fall no less

If Monarchs are Indulgent, or Oppress!
 False Demagogues into such Failings pry,
 And founding all the Power in Property,
 Their Master's they depress, to raise the People's high. }
 Inferring, 'cause he gave too much before,
 For Common Safety He must now give more.
 But, grant, all Power in Property we found,
 Yet why, from hence, must Kingly Power loose ground:
 For in the Prince all Property we own,
 And Subjects are but Tenants to the Crown.
 Else, why of Old did Men Allegiance swear,
 Bound up to *Feods*, and ready Arms to bear.
 'Tis hard to think (*Well-meaning Men!*) they swore,
 Or paid, to hire what was their Own before.
 Thus Property in Kings, by Heaven, defin'd,
 To Subjects, on Conditions, is consign'd.
 From whence 'tis plain, in Exigence of State,
 The People should refund, not King abate;
 For, if their Property he Dang'rous make,
 'Tis more then One can give, or t'other take.
 So Ministers that err, tho by their Prince's Will,
 Yet suffer Justly, 'cause He can't do Ill.

But now 'twas time these Artists should produce
 Their boasted Secret of such Sov'raign use;
 And *Liberty*, prepar'd to the Projectors will,
 Was guilded for the Universal Pill.
 No Cheat so priz'd, so easy to obtrude,
 Do *Charlatans* impose upon the Multitude.
 The Griefs which made the People first complain,
 Was an excess of Blood which craz'd their Brain;
 So these Physicians, by Long Warrs, thought good
 To cool the Fever of their Patient's Blood.
 And more their Reputation to assure,
 Turn'd the Disease it self into the Cure;

Their very Sickness was but Fancy'd Pain,
 And Fancy'd Ease all they were like to gain.
 All Old Imaginary Fears were dead,
 Good Real New Ones reigning in their stead.
 The Armys, which e'rlong the Earth did shield,
 Like *Jason's* Harvest, cover'd all the Field;
 And Troops, which lately hover'd in the Air,
 Lodg'd in Free Winter Quarters ev'ry where.
 Thus all things alter'd for the better still,
 'Cause 'tis more Manly to fear Real Ill.

The Mart for *Liberty* then most in use,
 Grown Rich by th' Trade, was ancient *Syracuse*.
 And 'twas but just They should engross the Gain,
 Who ventur'd most the Secret to obtain!
 The *Syracusans* were a Restless Race,
 In War Dejected, Turbulent in Peace.
 Still Dreading, and still Doating after Fears,
 Fond of Sham Plots, and New Discoverers.
 These made them arm on ev'ry slight Pretence,
 And Chain their Streets, and boast their Strong Defence.
 Their Growth of Buildings, and still Changing Tide,
 Express their Constancy, and Want of Priden.
 An Hard-mouth'd Beast, for slacken'd Raines unfitt,
 And must be menag'd with the Spur, and Bitt.
 Faction, and Noise now made their Magistrates,
 And want of Worth was Title to their Seats.
 To choose their *Prætor*, as before, in Course,
 Destroy'd the People's Choice, and, what was worse,
 Resembled an Hereditary Thing.
 And lookt too like the Hated style of King.
 If, spight of Arts to gain the Major Vote,
 Merit, and Right sometimes the *Falces* got,
 The Suburb Rout, in Drove, came roaring down,
 While Mid-night Riots fill'd th' affrighted Town.
 Bone-fires in mere Contempt of Power were made,

And

And Barefac't Villains 'gainst the Good inveigh'd.
 Bone-fires the Emblems of the People's Rage,
 Which Puppets Sacrific'd a while asswage.
 May Heaven no Dearer Sacrifice require,
 May their Offence among those Flames expire!
 But God too farr Provok'd revenges Fire by Fire!
 The Western Town was call'd *Neapolis*,
 It self a City, tho but part of this.
 There, while a Senate was, the Members met,
 Bold without Rashness, Active without Heat.
 Their willing Duty still supply'd the Throne,
 True to the ancient Splendour of the Crown.
 Their pious Care b' Expedients would unite
 The Subject's Safety, to the Prince's Right.
 No men so often, or so justly blest,
 The truest Ballance, and the Fairest Test,
 Of Private Good, and Publick Interest.
 The Bulwark of the Nation, and the Law,
 To shelter Loyalty, and Treason aw.
 But these had bin! -- Then a packt Senate fate,
 Of Fools, and Knaves to modell the new State.
 A Glorious Work, and like to take effect,
 Where such Choice Tools, such Faithful Workmen act!
 The Nobles were debarr'd their Ancient Right,
 The House was purg'd, the Good excluded quite;
 (What Wonders might these Men despair to do!)
 The Most run down, out-voted by the Few.
 Those who were left could only represent
 The Droffe, and Poor Remaines of Government.
 Religion, Liberty, and Law were now
 Hard Words, they did not, or they would not know.
 The Army was the only Bugg they fear'd,
 And 'twas resolv'd that Grievance should be clear'd.
 This made the Swordsman fret, and Hero frown,
 To be so baffled by the Lazy Gown.

Had they for this subscrib'd each Canting Clause,
 Espous'd the Contradictions of the Cause,
 And fought against them, to maintain the Laws?
 They had their *Adjutors* of their own,
 And they should vote that Pageant Senate down.
 The Church *Banditti* too join'd in the Broyl,
 Griev'd at unequal Dividend of Spoil:
 Some to the House, more to the Army fled,
 As Int'rest byass'd, or Perswasion led.
 The doubting Fates lookt on, as at a stand
 Whither the House, or Army to disband.

Poor Land! from Ill to Ill, so basely tost,
 Beyond all prospect of Recov'ry lost!
 So easily with Fairy Freedom gull'd,
 With glittering Tinsel paid for promis'd Gold!
 Thus our vain Hope we eagerly pursue,
 Pleas'd with the Gay *Chameleon's* painted Hue:
 And, when the long Pursuit has tir'd us quite,
 It changes Colour and deceives our Sight!
 Thus our Craz'd Heads the splendid *Species* make,
 And we for Liberty fine Nothings take;
 But when we hope t' embrace a Goddess there,
 Our cheated Arms return with Common Air.

But Oh! my Muse, thou hast but trifled yet,
 But told the Sport, and Raillery of Fate.
 Prepare thy Tragick most expressive verse
 The Luxurys of Misery to reherse.
 The dreadful Harmony of dying Groans,
 Robb'd Mothers sighs, and Widdows piercing Moans.
 The Nation spoil'd of her dear Youthful Store,
 Groveling in Dust, and weltring in the Gore.
 These horrid Scenes, or Crimes transcending these,
 Should introduce the Curst *Agathocles*.

Agathocles

Agathocles whom the just Wrath of Fate
 Had made as Wicked, as his Trust was Great.
 His Constant Fortune, and Familiar Arts
 Confirm'd him General in the Souldiers hearts.
 Yet still h' abus'd th' Advantages he made,
 The Army's Idoll, and the Senate's Dread.
 The Servant, and yet Master of the House,
 Whom all would fain Chastier, but fear'd to rowze.
 By their Commission, acting his own Will,
 Carest, and flatter'd tho still doing Ill.
 The Rod stretcht out by Heavens Vindictive Hand.
 To scourge, and humble the Rebellious Land.

Yet tho this Vapour blaz'd so in the Sky,
 It's Rise as base was, as it's Glory high.
 While, yet a boy, he learnt the Potters Trade,
 Each day Discov'rys of his Temper made;
 Unjust, and Spightful as Tyrannick Sway,
 He spoil'd the Finest of his Fathers Clay.
 His Birth so abject, and his Childhood poor,
 Why was his Vitious Youth made less Obscure?
 His Youth too well, too Infamously known,
 Unmatcht in Lewdness, and profane Renown.
 His Lusts disgrac't the meanness of his Trade,
 And endless, unconstrain'd Debauches made
 His Life the Good Man's Fear, and Scandal to the Bad. }
 Vertue, an Honourable fair Estate,
 By no Decree entail'd upon the Great,
 Ev'n by the Meanest, and Plebeian breast
 Is oft in Plenty, and Repute possesst.
 And, Heaven has order'd Things with so much Care,
 The Honest Man may still improve his Share.
Agathocles abhorr'd that Thrifty Course,
 He daily made his little Portion worse.
 But Prodigalls when to an Ebb they'r drain'd,
 The Shew, and Outside still must be maintain'd:

So He had run his Stock of Vertue out,
 And now too late began to look about,
 Yet hop'd, tho he had lost all Real Sence,
 To peice his Credit with the Fair Pretence.
 To outward Veiw a Perfect Change embrac't,
 With feign'd Regrett for all his Follies past.
 His stricter Life, and Morals founded more,
 Drowning the Cries of his Old Faults before.
 Such Suddain Change but seldom well portends,
 So often taken up for Evil Ends.
 His End, in all, was only, then to please
 A Rising Faction 'gainst the Nation's Peace.
 Who under Zeal do Worldly Gain pursue,
 And like himself were Great Dissemblers too.
 These he out-did in their dear Cant; and Tone,
 And gain'd the Name of Precious Teacher soon
 Oft he harangu'd of Liberties, and Laws,
 And made Religion Pimp to serve the Cause.
 Yet this Disguise was not put on invain
 His thriving Godliness still turn'd to Gain.
 The Tears, which he had taught at will to flow,
 The People's Wrongs made almost endless now;
 And fresh Complaints against the bravely Great
 Employ'd his Scurril Wit, and sawcy Heat,
 Yet these sure signs of Zeal, and Faction's Grace
 Advanc't the Viper to a Member's place:
 Tho then, so low his helpless Cense was out,
 He scor'd for Stum, and Beef to buy the Rout.
 From hence, his bold Ambition to promote,
 He gain'd a Colo'nel's place by Publick Vote.
 But 'twere unjust his Conduct to defame,
 We hate his Crimes, but envy not his Name.
 None e're more faithfully perform'd the Trust,
 True to his Men, and to his Masters just.
 As Eminent in Dangers as Command.

Performing Wonders with his Conqu'ring Hand.
 Designing, Happy, ready of Dispatch,
 Quick-sighted, and yet always on the Watch.
 Prepar'd each lost Advantage to retrieve,
 Or make his Foes for baffled Projects grieve.
 Oh! had his Soul the Paths of Vertue trod,
 His Glory had bin Clear, his Fame as Loud!
 But these few Gleams of Good were darken'd still,
 By interposing Pregnant Clouds of Ill.
 His Restless Spirit, and Immoderate Mind,
 Despising Fame, to Factious Power inclin'd.
 Nothing could slake his feav'rish Thirst of Rule,
 Whom no Sin scar'd, no Scruple could controul.
 His tamp'ring *Genius*, and uneasy Frame,
 Fomented Schisme, and Faction where he came;
 And still his Tongue so well his Cause maintain'd,
 The most, by Interest, to his side, were gain'd.
 When e're they seem'd this Projects to espouse,
 Nice of no Oaths, and Prodigal of Vows;
 Which still to serve his Ends he duely broke
 With the same ease which they first were took.
 By these Fair Means all Rivals he displac't,
 And gain'd himself the General's Staff at last.

But now his Greatness to that pitch was grown
 He thought no Power superior to his own.
 No more the Senate curb'd his haughty Mind,
 His Will got loose, would be no more confin'd.
 H' had exercis'd the General's Power before,
 And should the Office now admit no more
 'Twere no Addition to his former Store.
 So he presum'd the Senate's Rights t' invade,
 To heal the Breaches by their Factions made:
 And purg'd the Army as the ready't way,
 Cashiering all that clogg'd his Lawless Sway.
 Next a New Set of *Adjutors* packt,

To make his private Guilt the Army's Act;
 A Military Senate Modell'd now,
 T' affront, and keep the Civil Tyrants low.
 But false *Antander* these so acted still,
 By unseen Springs they meet the General's Will.
Antander near ally'd to him by Wife,
 But nearer by the Foulness of his Life.
 So Conversant in Deepest Villanies
 He seem'd the Transcript of *Agathocles*.
 With him Base *Cerdo*, and Dull *Zythus* join'd.
 The Brewer's Zeal, & Cobbler's Brain combin'd.
 And more beneath the Cognifance of Fame,
 Whom 'twould debauch the vilest Rhimes to name.
 Mean Slaves, by Fortune rais'd of very Sport,
 The future Minions of a Potter's Court!
 To these, conven'd on ev'ry slight Disgust,
 When e're the House crost his Aspiring Lust,
 The *Crocodile* could weep, and call it Breach of Trust.

Now on a Solemn Day the Council met,
 The Wise Assembly were all Gravely fate,
 When nettled by the late Disbanding Vote
 The Cous'ner sighing spoke.-----

I grieve, Dear Partners of your General's Fame,
 Who share his Praise, and Suffer in his Shame;
 I grieve that all the vast expence of Blood,
 The noble Scarrs bought for your Countries Good,
 The brave Neglect, of Friends, Preferment, 'State,
 And all that's Dear, deserves so hard a fate;
 That *Liberty*, for which so long you've fought,
 Is still Unpurchas'd, tho so dearly Bought.
 Ye must have heard; yes, the whole Nation cries
 To You for Vengeance on *Neapolis*;
 Ye must have heard what Havock they have made,
 Abus'd

Abus'd their Power, and their Trust betray'd.
 Ev'n now resolv'd; Oh! my Disorders well
 Speak the loud Wrongs my Tongue is loth to tell!
 Resolv'd to tear the Wreaths that crown your Brow,
 To cropp your spreading Lawrels e're they grow;
 Tho now they sit beneath that Sacred Shade
 Secure from Lightning, which they well might dread.
 Some, by a specious Name, they would release,
 Condemn'd to soften in Inglorious Ease;
 The rest, as Aids, must for *Sardinia* sayle,
 Where no One needs for lost Arrears rebell;
 Cold, Want, the dang'rous Boggs, and Salvage Foe,
 Will pay the Debt we all to Nature ow.
 And is it so those Monsters would requite
 The Gallant Men, who in their Quarrel fight?
 Have they so soon forgot the Northern Moor,
 And You, who could that desperate Field restore?
 Forgot those Swords that durst ill Fate oppose,
 And forc't her back on your amazed Foes?
 Then they could own the Glorious Happy Day
 Due to 'your Conduct, and well-tim'd Delay.
 Have they forgot *Messana*, *Gela* Fights,
 Where you supported their declining Rights?
 In those Disputes what valiant Numbers bled,
 What Crowds of Captives were in Triumph led!
 Mistaken, Honest Men! whose greatest Crime
 Was thwarting our Hard Masters e'r the time.
 Ungrateful Masters! who for private ends
 Discard the best of Servants, best of Friends.
 Have they forgot the numerous Trophies plac't,
 The Noisy Hall with Flaggs, and Standards grac't?
 Long may those Standards flourish in that Hall,
 And plead your Wrongs, and loud for Justice call!
 What, do they see, with shame, your Glories won,
 While You so much, They have so little don?

Or would their Coward and Malicious spight
 Barr us the no great Priviledge, to Fight?
 Or do they so your services regard,
 They Hate that Worth, which they could ne'r Reward?
 Poor Men! our Fruitful *Hydra*-Ills encrease,
 For One Head lost, an Hundred in the Place!
 When will they learn to limit their Command,
 Cease to enslave, and grieve th' Intrusted Land?
 But since so bold their Insolence is grown,
 'Tis time, at last, to let you know your Own.
 Forgive me, that, so long, I did conceal
 Th' Important Truth, which you would use so well!
 Their endless Quarrels, and Inveterate Hate
 Have torn, and broken the *Sicilian* State.
 The Power so oft Transfus'd, such Change has known,
 The Life, and Spirits are exhal'd, and flown;
 And 'twould become your great Reforming Name
 To bless the Nation with an Happyer Frame.
 From things thus shatter'd, and to *Chaos* hurl'd
 'Tis God-like to inform a Beauteous World.
 When some rich Vessel by long Tempests tost
 Upon your Shoar, at last, is split, and lost,
 'Tis all Mens Right, and worth their Noble Pains,
 To build a New One from the sad Remains.
 Add; that, if Right be e'r to Conquest due,
 The Right of Rule is now devolv'd on you.
 And by that Right they in the House are plac't,
 (They were till they destroy'd that Right at last,)
 From Kings their Ancient Charter is deriv'd,
 Who by that Title govern'd while they liv'd.
 So then; or they by Usurpation reign,
 And 'tis but Just to take your Own again;
 Or You have equall Title to the Sway,
 Who found your Pow'r on the same Base as They.
 Now let them urge, I meanly seek my own,
 I place

I place all Legal Power in You alone.
 And Heaven has left it in your Sacred Breast
 To keep it in your selves; where duly plac'd,
 Or by Free Choice your Substitute to invest.
 I must confess my Sense to this inclin'd,
 Wrest not the Freedom of an Honest Mind,
 Enjoy your selves the Sweets of your Estate,
 But choose a Steward for the painful Weight.
 My Weakness bids th' unequal Load decline,
 Alas, you want far abler Heads than mine!
 To such, most freely, I resign their due,
 May I enjoy an Easy'r Share with you!
 Beside, the Senate tell ye, I've betray'd
 The Weighty Trust they on these Shoulders laid;
 Ungrateful as they are! Yet let them know
 'Tis not to Them I stoop, but bow to you.
 I dare the Harmless Lightning of their Frown,
 Yet to just Right can lay my Office down.
 But still must fear, One Wretches single fate
 Will scarce the Malice of their Rage abate,
 You too they justly fear, and therefore Hate;
 You too they've wrong'd. --- Then spoke in Tears the rest,
 To shew Their Wrongs fate nearest to his Breast.

And now, the Rout let in, the Cries increase,
 Freedom, the Army and *Agathocles*!
 But be Unmov'd, like a Stanch Hypocrite,
 Divests himself of Gene'ral in their fight,
 Mean Trick the Melting Rabble to trepan!
 To move their Pity for so Good a Man.
 This false *Antander* found, and took the Cue,
 Well skill'd what Harms the least Delays ensue;
 And thus replies. --- And who for Power more fit,
 Then He, who would the well-weigh'd Burthen quit?
 Raw Saylor's New Discove'rys hunt with joy,
 While ablest Pilots shun the hard Employ.

'Tis past belief He can the Trust abuse,
 Who bravely dares the tempting Bait refuse.
 Who grasps at Greatness for ambitious ends,
 Must Parties Form, and make Seditious Friends.
 Will He misuse Your Power, who gave his own?
 So unconcern'd, so readily laid down!
 Methinks, I hear his troubled Souldiers call,
Antander, speake, entreat the General:
 Tell him, He must not, shall not thus be lost,
 Freedom were dearly bought, at so much Cost.
 Tell him, his Army settled in their Choice,
 Claim their *Proteſtour*, with a general voice.
 They claim you, Sir; their Safety and Delight,
 Their Own *Agathocles*, their Dearest Right,
 With whom they Suffer, and for whom they Fight.
 To shew their Right, and take your self away,
 In the worst Sence, Your Army you betray.
 What ready'r Way could the Curs'd Senate choose,
 To their Revenge our hated Lives t' expose?
 Oh, do not You, like them, Your Souldiers wrong,
 Invading what to Us does most belong!

He said; And now again, with doubled Noise,
 They call for their *Proteſtour* and their Choice.
 Mere *Machins*! yet the Movement hid so well,
 They seem to act from a Free Principle:
 But the *Mechanique* Power, by which they move,
 It self is guided by some Hand above.

E'r this the Senate these Commotions hears,
 Ill News has Wings, and Guilt is all o'r Ears.
 But Fear conforms their Counsells to the times,
 Unable to correct, they sooth his Crimes.
 A Legate, at this Instant, brought their voice,
 To back, with Their Consent, the Armies Choice.

At

At the glad News the Souldiers tear the Skys,
 With Joys unbridled, and Exalted Cries.
 But their *Proteſtours* did expect no leſs,
 He long foreſaw ſuch petty Shifts as theſe.
 Yet loth ſo fair Advantage to reſuſe,
 To pleaſe the Army, and the Houſe t' amuſe,
 In perjur'd Words, He forms his Answer thus.

Witness, Ye Gods, with what Regrett I take
 The noble Weight, too heavy for this Back!
 So proſper me, as I would much prefer
 Th' unenvy'd Safety of a Private Share!
 Whom Heaven prefers, with Liberty to bleſs
 So Good a People, with ſo good Succeſs;
 How ill muſt He all meaner Hopes regard,
 That Glorious Action is it's own Reward!
 But ſince unworthy of the hop'd Release,
 To you I ſacrifice my Thoughts of Eaſe.
 Yet, One Condition let my Weakneſs make,
 May Envy ne'r my Juſt Deſigns miſtake;
 (The nobleſt Actions, and the cleareſt Heart,
 Like ſtrongeſt Towns, ſtill have their weaker Part;) }
 May falſe Surmiſes ne'r a Mind torment,
 So nice of Fame, ſo honeſt in Intent!
 I muſt confeſs, unwonted Means were us'd,
 But our Diſorders all Delays reſuſ'd, }
 And th' Iſſue has, at leaſt, the Means excuſ'd.
 Our Hot Diſtempers call'd for preſent Cure,
 Unfit a tedious Courſe of Phyſick to endure.
 This only way to Publick Peace we ſaw,
 And General Benefit is ſtanding Law.
 Indebted to the Army for their Choice,
 Confirm'd in Office by the Senate's Voice.
 By both Elect, to both oblig'd I ſtand,
 And both ſhall reap their Hopes in my Command.
 My Care ſhall ſo the Senat's Fears remove,

As shall preserve the Army's constant Love;
 My Faith the Army's Grievs shall so redress,
 The Senate ne'r shall find their Power less.

Thus, in dark Terms, the false Dissembler spoke,
 And, with a general shout th' Assembly broke.
 Now, fearless with the, lately, frightful Load,
 His swift Ambition rather flew, then rode;
 Unlook'd for to th' amazed House he came,
 The last Completion of their Vote to claim.
 His wanton Ears, cloy'd with the Souldiers Cries,
 Hunt fresh Variety of Pop'lar Noise.

All things for his Instalment are prepar'd,
 The Scarlet Senate to the Russet Guard.
 On ev'ry Face some marks of Joy remain,
 Such as Men shew, who would disguise their Pain.
 The Tumult, Noise, and Charges of the Day,
 Were fatal Omens of his future Sway.

But the mixt Pomp in order to produce,
 Would fret the Patience of a City Muse.
 Let it suffice; to Ceres's Fane he came,
 And toucht the Lighted Tapers Holy Flame;
 Then, by th' Eternal Gods devoutly Swore,
 That Law, and Right should moderate his Pow'r.
 But Vows, and Oaths have still too weak bin found,
 No Tyrant by those Fetters e'r was bound;
 They hold the Mad-man till his Fits begin,
 But break when the Fierce *Dæmon* raves within.
 Had his proud Soul the Publick Good design'd,
 Or would just Bounds of Power have pleas'd his Mind;
 What fairer season could his wish befriend
 Just Power to gain, the Nation's Grievs to end?
 His generous Care the Bannisht Heir had found,
 The I'le with Peace, his Prince with Right had crown'd.
 But our *Protector's* Temper differ'd quite,
 Could ne're restrain his Vicious Appetite.

The

The basest Means his impious Malice chose,
 Kings, in their very Mem'ry, to depose.
 By Edict pulls their *Gelon's* Statues down,
 With all the Sacred Ensigns of the Crown;
 That, Former Liberty remov'd from sight,
 The People might endure his Lawless might.
 The Senate too might now his Meaning ghes,
 Who never well could find their Power Less!
 Justly Dissolv'd, yet not for hate to Ill,
 But pure Design to shew his boundless Will.
 The Senate gon, the Army feels his Pride,
 Their *Adjutors* must be laid aside,
 The Senate's Pow'r extinct, their Fate imply'd.
 These Rival Evils were remov'd alone
 To clear the way for worse compact in One.

Once more the weary'd Nation hop'd for rest,
 And seeming Joy at the new Change exprest;
 Not that they lik'd his Usurpations well,
 But Change of Evil, is some ease in Hell.
 As Men, when Feavers in the blood encrease,
 Each minute try short Intervalls of Ease,
 But still the liquid Fires which feed their Pain
 A Vast Expence of Spirits must maintain;
 So their long Heats some little Respite had,
 (Enough to make the quick Return more sad!)
 But still they felt th' Unsatiable Disease,
 Kept low by Ravenous *Agathocles*.
 By Monthly Subsidies he drain'd their Store,
 And, for the Publick Safety, kept them Poor.
 Rewarding so their faithless Temper well,
 Whom Wealth, and Ease still fitted to rebell.
 Of ev'ry turn of Things such use he made,
 As shew'd him perfect Master of his Trade.
 Witness, the Plots which he so well contriv'd,

They always threaten'd, but they never thriv'd.
 These by such wondrous Providence he knew,
 The Heavens seem'd t' have nothing else to do.
 Or that their *Jove*, grown infamous and Poor,
 Were setting up for a Discoverer.
 And 'twas observ'd, only the Brave, and Great,
 Conspicuous for Vertue, and Estate,
 Did e're Imagine the *Protector's* Fate. }
 Yet by these Means a fair Pretence he got
 To keep his Army up to aw the Plot.
 Armies, and Guards such frightful Things appear,
 No Plot can e're succeed for very Fear!
 And when such Service in a State they 've don,
 'Twere mere Ingratitude to put them down!
 Had all his Plots made this their only aim,
 To levy Taxes in the Army's Name,
 And with the Coine to keep that Bugg in play,
 They might have born his Arbitrary Sway.
 But his Designs at nobler Quarry fly,
 Our Lives, and Fortunes are a Tyrant's Prey.
 By Friends Pretended, but unmanly Spies,
 He moves the Exiles to combine, and rise.
 That, with some shew of Justice, he might take
 Their ample Fortunes as a Forfeit Stake.
Justice, thus wrong'd, went mourning o're the Land,
 Her Hands polluted, and her Garments stain'd,
 And saw, with grief, the truely Good, or Great,
 Expos'd to Death, as dang'rous to the State.
 Oh, had his Fury always bin so Kind!
 Death is the Centre of a Noble Mind!
 Heroic Worth can Death embrace with Joy,
 To such, 'tis harder much to serve, then Die.
 This truth, too well, the Curst *Usurper* knew,
 And striving, in One Act, Himself t' outdo,
 (My Muse for horreur of the Monstrous Deed,
 Starts

Starts back, and trembles, and can scarce proceed!)
 A Numerous Train, robb'd of their Right, and Lands,
 He sells, (Just Gods!) he sells to serve on Foreign Sands!
 Free Subjects all, the Old *Sicilian* Race,
 Contemning Life, Impatient of Disgrace!
 His Guilt, long since, no Elder-Rivals knew,
 But this has foyl'd all future Tyrants too.
 This Masterpeice, which drain'd the Widdows eyes,
 And fill'd the Air with helpless Orphans Cries.
 Curst Man! thy Fears allow such Arms as these,
 Thy Cruel Sense such Combinations please!
 Yet know, those Sighs are treasur'd in the Skys,
 To fall in Tempests on thy Perjuries.

Thus his aspiring Baseness treads on all,
 The Great regards not, but contemns the Small.
 Like some great Deluge by just Heaven design'd
 To visit the Offences of Mankind;
 It's boundless Fury sweeps the Cott's away,
 And makes the Proudest Palaces a prey;
 Yet some, untainted with the Common Crimes,
 By special Grace, escape till better Times.
 So here some Few avoid his Bloody'r Rage,
 Sav'd to repair the Ruins of the Age.
 But of the Brave Unfortunates was none
 Whose glorious Suff'rings *Philocles* out-shone.
 His Courage, as his Suff'rings Nobly Great,
 Accus'd not fate, nor tamely could submit.
 He heard his Mother for her Burthen groan,
 Concern'd more at her Wrongs, then for his Own;
 And came from Exile in a low Disguise
 To head his Master's Friends prepar'd to rise.
 But Fortune oft the juster Cause forsakes,
 Oft the best Temper'd, Wisest Counsells breakes!
 Yet Heaven was pleas'd It's Power to interpose,
 T' elude the Watchful Malice of his Foes.

Heaven saw how much the Next Relapsing Age
 Would want his Faith, his Wisdom would engage,
 How much *Sardinia*, Twice his Weighty Care,
 To her Lov'd *Præfett's* Honour should refer;
 And this foreseeing, only stopt his Fame,
 To pay't with Int'rest to his Greater Name.
 With him *Eudoxus* justly claims a place,
Eudoxus form'd to bless the Land in Peace.
 From wrongful Wars, with his Great Prince, he went,
 In Forreign Courts injoying Bannishment;
 By Converse, and Experience there, refin'd
 His Polite Knowledge, and Discerning Mind.
 Prepar'd, when God e're long restores his Cause,
 With Equity to Mitigate the Laws.
 Which in their Intruse Meaning are Severe,
 And without such a Guide too often Err.
 Oh Wonder of the Court! Oh glory of the Gown!
 Thy Mighty Worth has Others Fame out-flown,
 In God-like Sons, thou hast excell'd thy Own!
 On Them thy mounting Soul has left behind
 A Double Portion of their Father's Mind,
 His Truth, his Prudence, and (his Glorious Fate)
 Their Prince's Friendship, and the Rabble's Hate.

Here, Muse, return; Thou hast too loofely fled,
 Unwarily, by Vertue's Splendour, led
 To leave thy Theme so excellently Bad!
 Or was't the Hideous Rapine of the Times,
 The frightful Shapes of *Decimation* Crimes?
 Invain the Country Want of Stock complain,
 The City plead Decay of Trade invain;
 Where e're the Dreaded Civil Plund'ers come,
 An Helpless Wast is left, a mournful Home.
 To Heaven, his daring Sacrilegious Spight,
 It's Ancient Off'ring, and Unquestion'd Right,

The

The Tithe deny'd; yet the fleece'd Land must pay
 Heaven's Dues, Usurpt by this base Idol Clay.
 Scarce one Remove from their first Nature Clod:
 Each Dirty Tyrant would be thought a God:
 And Gods they are; as Men in former days
 To *Plague*, and *Theft* did Servile Altars raise.
 In his best Actions Zealously Profane,
 Thus all Religions flourish in his Reign.
 A vast encrease of Gods came daily up,
 Egypt ne'r knew a more Prodigious Cropp;
 Tho, ev'ry Year, her fruitful Waters rise
 To satisfy her Godly Avarice.
 Some New Grimace, or Foolish Diff'ring Lye,
 Was Title to this Mock-*Theogony*;
 Yet none were enter'd gratis on the Line,
 But bought a Mercenary Right Divine.
 So *Heraulds* with some slight Diff'rence trepan
 The buying Fopp, and dubb a Gentleman.
 But Upstart Gods do always dang'rous prove,
 Still found th' Establish'd Worship to remove.
 In *Syracuse* an Ancient Fabrick stood,
 At home much honour'd, much ador'd abroad,
 An August Pile, it self almost a God,
 To Great *Diana* built;
Agathocles deem'd nought but Gold Divine,
 And spoil'd the Goddess of her Silver Shrine.
 H' had robb'd her of her Annual Rents before,
 Uncas't, and strip't her like a Common Whore.
 And while she wander'd from her Rightful home
 Would, Providently, sell the Useless Dome;
 As if 't had bin one of his Suburb Stews,
 Would prostitute it to so vile an Use
 As to become a *Synagogue* for *Jews*.
 Curst may 'st thou stand, with that Bold Wierch, in Fame,
 Who in her *Athes* wrote his hated Name!

And may this Diff'rence signalize thy Crimes,
 While Story bears his Guilt to future times,
 Untoucht by Time, may the *Sicilian Fane*
Collat'ral Witness to thy shame remain !

Thus having past the ancient Bounds of Vice,
 And Fame ensur'd, by New Discoverys,
 Uncloy'd, 'unweary'd yet with doing Ill,
 Left of temptation, more then wanting Will,
 He forms himself by study'd Arts to please,
 Affecting to appear design'd for Peace.
 Kind Words, Obliging Smiles, and Gracious Bows,
 Slight Favours are, He ev'ry where bestows,
 Like Mony to the Crowd in Publick Shews.
 He hates th' Impertinence, and Forms of State,
 (The Little Vanitys which make Men Great!)
 Yet loves the Nation should proclaim that Hate.
 But striving still to make his Vertues known,
 Argues the Jewels False, or not his Own.
 Tyrants with Royal Vertues strive to shine,
 As Devils imitate the Power Divine;
 While those Fictitious Attributes alone
 Betray their false Pretensions to a Throne.
 For Clemency, they make their Greatness Cheap,
 And just Neglect by nauseous Follies reap.
 For graceful Freedom, they Buffoon'ry choose,
 And graciously vouchsafe themselves t' expose.
 Thus Ours frequenting the dull City Feasts,
 With Buffoon Tricks tickled the Heavy Guests.
 But tho these mean Disguises gain'd his Ends
 Upon the Rout, they lost his Private Friends.
 For Few to that Indifference arrive,
 Made Publick Laughter, that they can forgive;
 And Men with less Reluctancy commit
 The Foulest Crime, then they can hear of it;

But

But nothing galls a Guilty Conscience more,
 Then Lashes from that Fiend, which caus'd the Sore.
 This made some Braves, abus'd in Publick Feasts,
 And toucht too roughly by his Rustick Jests,
 Too openly those Injurys resent,
 Avowing, to their Cost, their Discontent.
 But *Mænon* unconcern'd submits to all,
 And smiles to see the Angry Wretches fall.
 His Faithful Wife had made the Tyrant Sport,
 And him the Table Jest of Town, and Court;
 And in the Camp his Int'rest grew so great,
 It might in time give the *Proctectorate*.
 Ambition, and Revenge, his Rage with-hold,
 Vices too dear, for Rayling, to be sold.
 Yet tho to view he carry's Things so fair,
 His swelling Heart does Mortal Poison bear;
 And, he has order'd his Designs so well,
 The Tyrant now, too late, the fatal Draught may feel.

Thro all the Town the hasty Secret flies,
 In Whispers told, and heard without Replies;
 As if men fear'd some 'new Design behind,
 Some yet Unfathom'd Tyrannies to find;
 But when so fast successive Tidings flew,
 As made 'em credit their long Wishes true;
 Not Seas got loose with greater Fury roar,
 Which bearing down the Banks, regain their Shoar;
 Then o're the Town spread the Tumult'ous noise
 Of Crowds expressing their unruly Joys.
 One never lik't the Man, was ne'r his Friend,
 Another long foresaw his Tragick End.
 Some insolently triumph in his Fall,
 And others trace out Providence in all.
 The Country, whom portentous Tokens fright,
 Each Minute flock to tell some Dismal fight,

Ætna on all sides liquid Sulphur throws,
 Which o're the Meads in flaming Rivers flows;
 Or neib'ring Lawns in dire Convulsions lie,
 As Nature's self were at the point to die.
 But, a much fiercer *Ætna* feeds his Pains,
 And boyling Poisons travel thro' his Veins;
 More pungent Pangs convulse his stubborn Heart,
 And, minutely, he slowly Dies in ev'ry part.
 Huge, Monstrous Whales forsake the troubled Sea,
 Which gape like Hell, and seem t' expect their Prey;
 And dreadful Tempests hollow in the Air,
 To waft him to the stormy Regions of Despair.
 But those loud Storms can never be exprest,
 Those Hurricanes which toss his troubled Breast;
 And Loathsome Monsters no resemblance find
 With those foul Shapes of Crimes which haunt his Mind.
 Such Wrecks, such Anguish Soul, and Body feel.
 He seems the sad *Epitome* of Hell.
 His Lusts and Passions still more vig'rous grow,
 And wanting vent, prey on their Master now,
 So exquisitely fierce, he suffers more,
 Than all the Slaves they Sacrific'd before.
 Mean while such flow Assaults the Poisons make,
 As if they would the tedious Siege forsake;
 Or that they meant to kill the Wretch by parts,
 Returning on himself his Barb'rous Arts.
 At last, by Friends forsaken, curst by Foes,
 Tyr'd out of Life by cruel Lingring Woes.
 Harden'd, and Mad, and Cursing as he fell,
 He dies not, but removes t' another Hell.

Senseless, and Cold the Mighty Carcase lies,
 Which was e're long so Busy, and so Wise.
 And all his awful Presence, all his Pride
 Must into Loathing, and Corruption slide.
 No more his treach'rous Arts beguile the Throng,

No

No more false Tears befriend his wily Tongue.
 One little Daught has gain'd the Nation more,
 Then all her Wealth, then all her Pow'r before.
 One little Draught has quench'd that Thirst of Rule,
 Which all her Blood, or Tears could never cool.
 So from their Height may all Bold Wretches fall,
 Unpity'd, and Insulted o're by all,
 Who with false Shews the easy Rout betray,
 To make their fenceless Properties a Prey ;
 Who of its Sacred Jewells spoil a Crown,
 To deck Usurp'd Mock-Grandeur of their own!
 So may they fall, o're-taken by their Crimes,
 And their sad End affright succeeding Times!

Thus *Mænon*, who had wink'd at the Reproach
 Successfully Reveng'd his Wife's Debauch;
 Had not Ambition here put in a Claim.
 The Common Good had found a nobler Name.
 But Vulgar Spirits no Restraint admit,
 They urge Ambition, if Success invite.
 So He, whose Soul in some base Mould was made,
 His Pow'r with Army, more than Virtue, weigh'd;
 And, while Confusions kept the City weak,
 Resolv'd, by Force, the Tyrant's Room to take.
 But 'as, oft times, when gath'ring Tempests rise
 Unite their Clouds, and darken all the Skies ;
 Some small Bright Tract, which on th' *Horizon's* side
 Unheeded lay, and almost Unesp'y'd,
 Recovers the Lost Glory of the Day,
 And seems to drive the scatter'd Host away ;
 So, tho his Motions bear a dreadful Form,
 Threatning a Second, more Destructive Storm,
 Yet from the North a Glorious Chief appears,
 To scatter his Designs, and drive away their Fears.
 The Brave *Nicetas* has achiev'd his Fall,

And draws the Eyes, and fills the Mouthes of all.
 Himself Fame's Bus'ness and Delight alone;
 Vertue's Darling; Honour's Mightiest Son.
 Bold, Prudent, Just, Successful without Pride,
 Lov'd of his Own, Prais'd by the Adverse side.
 In Victory so Good, so True t' his Word,
 His Mercy held a Contest with his Sword.

He saw the People's Raging Calenture,
 And Humor'd the Disease into a Cure;
 He saw of Civil Broils the hideous Scarrs,
 And put a Stop to more Unnat'ral Warrs.
 Ah, Wondrous Man! What Crowns belong to Thee,
 Who from Her self set'st a Mad Nation Free,
 And gain'st o'r War a Bloodless Victory!

Nothing could add to Thy sublime Renown,
 But daring to refuse a proffer'd Crown.
 And He, who durst attempt that gen'rous Flight,
 To make Success submit to Exil'd Right,
 Seems only Less, because at Greater Height.

On this Blest Theme my Muse would ever dwell
 Inspir'd by Worth she must delight to tell.
 But who so *Hiero* to his Throne would bring,
 In the same Verse *Nicetas's* Praise must sing.

And, Lo! at last, the Goodly Prince is come,
 In Triumph too, to Bless his Native Home.

Hiero of all Mankind, Belov'd, and Blest,
 Of all Mankind the Lovly'st, and the Best.
 Who from Great *Hiero* brings his Title down,
 Heir to his Name, his Virtues, and his Crown;
 Whose Right so long his Wilful Sinning Land
 In Exile saw, yet would not Understand;
 Whom, all his Years of Trouble and Distress,
 The World abroad ne'r Thought, or Honour'd less;
 For, tho False Stones require a friendly Light,
 The Royall Diamond shines no less by Night.

He

He comes, like the Great *Indian* God of old,
 With Awful Beauty Graceful to behold.
 Like Him reducing Humane Salvages,
 A nobler way, reducing them by Peace.
 Like Him too may he live, for ever Young,
 Beauty's Desire, and Wit's Eternal Song!
 He comes, what yet is to be held most Dear,
 As best befits Great *Hiero's* Greater Heir.
 Mild, Gracious, Good, with Pardon in his hand,
 His Mercy shaming ev'n th' Offending Land;
 Embracing Wretches no Man durst propose,
 Preventing ev'n Repentance in his Foes.
 He comes, and from all Coasts glad Throngs resort,
 (The Northern *Castle*, and the Western *Port*)
 As if the Nation had combin'd to meet,
 And with one Breath their Welcome Monarch greet ;
 Or their United Duty that way strove
 To make return for Universal Love.
 The Household Gods with Holy Wreaths are crown'd,
 The Streets with *Hieroglyphic* Poms abound ;
 All Things assum'd Unusu'al Brav'ry wear,
 And in the Triumph bear a willing Share.
 Nor can that Joy the Peoples Tongues express
 Proceed but from a Sense of Happiness ;
 Their Eyes, and Hands, and ev'ry Speaking Part,
 Proclaim alike the Language of their Heart.
 Where e're, in all his long Triumphant way,
 Himself the Brightest Glory of the Day,
 The Mighty Prince with graceful Motion rides,
 His heavenly Form into their Fancies glides,
 Shedding a gentle Influence all around,
 And Darting Charms which all beholders wound.
 The Virgins blushing look their Hearts away ;
 Insensibly the Matron's Wishes stray.
 The Aged Heads, joy'd at the Happy Sight,

In Tears express their Wonder, and Delight;
 From their Own Years the Loyal Youth would take,
 And to his Life a ready Off'ring make.
 Oh, may thy Golden Years, Great *Hiero* flow,
 Like Wealthy'st Rivers, Undisturb'd and slow;
 And ev'ry Day a Restauration prove,
 A Conquest o're their Hearts, a Triumph in their Love!
 May Peace, which went, and with Thee came again,
 And all her lovely Sons adorn thy Reign!
 May Wealth sail in with ev'ry joyful Tide,
 And, as just Tribute, all the World beside
 To Thee transmit her Luxury, and Pride!
 May Learning raise it's long neglected Head,
 May Wit in all it's Ancient Glory spread,
 Learning, and Wit, like Loyal Plants, shall thrive,
 Which only in the Royal Sunshine live!
 Tho Priests resume their Old Blasphemous Cant,
 Asperse the King, and Curse the Government:
 Tho Patriots talk of Jealousies, and Fears,
 And Arbitrary Counsels fill all ears;
 (If such Impostures can again take place
 From Rebels sinning 'gainst the Highest Grace!)
 Yet may the Gods that lov'd *Sicilia* best,
 That gave her *Hiero*, and that gave her Rest,
 May they outwatch the Malice of his Foes,
 May they, in time, avert Her Threatning Woes!
 And Thou, Dear Land! for whose Lov'd Sake alone
 A Pit'ing Muse has made her Weakness known,
 With just Regard her wholesom Words attend,
 And weigh the Last Best Counsel of a Friend.
 Return, return e're thou repent'st too late,
 E're Heav'n again has sign'd thy Woeful Fate;
 A Worse *Agathocles* may be behind,
 But Heaven can ne'r so good an *Hiero* find.